

Amortentia

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Amortentia

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Summary

Hannibal Lecter is a thorn in Will's side, and can rot in Azkaban as far as Will is concerned.

Notes

Day 30 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Magic

In which Will and Hannibal comment on some interesting smells and everyone but them seems to know why...

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hannibal Lecter is a thorn in Will's side, and can rot in Azkaban as far as Will is concerned. The Ravenclaw captain is always getting all the acclaim, all the accolades for his Quidditch playing when he isn't *truly* any better than Will. It's obvious the preferential treatment Hannibal receives from professors and fellow students alike is simply because he's a Ravenclaw and Will is a Slytherin.

They always say the Great War changed public opinion, improved interactions between the houses, and helped Slytherin shake off the villainous associations which had haunted it for so long, but it was all a lie. Will *knows* if anyone cared to open their eyes and *look* at Hannibal they'd see plenty to be concerned about, but because of his status as a Ravenclaw and captain of their Quidditch team, people were blinded to his strangeness.

Will sees it though, he sees right through Hannibal's sweet as molasses facade, and right into the darkest parts of him. If he chooses to ignore how *seeing* the other boy makes him feel, that's his subconscious' business and no one else has to know.

It doesn't help that Will has always been an outsider, not a Hogwarts legacy or even a local. His parents had sent him to Hogwarts when it was time to begin his formal education because they wanted him to receive the most prestigious education - and Will is certain - keeping him out of their hair played a part as well. Scotland was a far cry from the Bayous of Will's youth, and he spent the next seven years trying to fit in and settle down.

He's distracted when he walks into his afternoon potions lecture, one of three classes Slytherin are forced to share with Ravenclaw, focused on Quidditch practice as he makes a beeline for his fellow Slytherin Beverly Katz. She's their team Keeper and captain, and Will's closest friend.

He expels a discontented huff when he takes his place beside her, sharp eyes flashing to the table at their left. "Did you have to pick a spot so close to *that* git?" He asks in hushed tones, telling himself that the terminology only feels out of place because it is clothed in foreign slang. "I can hardly *think* with his damn cologne seeping into every inch of the classroom, let alone concentrate on my potion."

Bev blinks at him, her cheeks growing rosy for some reason as she reaches a placating hand toward him, "Will -"

"You can hardly blame me for my *own* scent, can you?" Lecter drawls loudly, having obviously heard Will's voiced frustrations. "When you yourself stroll in stinking of Quidditch pitch. Tell me, how often do you sneak away for extra prep time between our matches?"

Will opens his mouth, a very rude retort perched upon his tongue when Professor Crawford sweeps into the room and steals away his breath.

"Admiration," she begins as she settles before the blackboard and begins hastily marking out her words in a quick but elegant scrawl, "Fondness. Passion. Lust. These are all varying words and definitions pinned to the concept of *love*. But what *is* love, exactly? To many it is a wholly fleeting concept, one only felt within the depths of their own gut and soul. Something

unable to be replicated or imitated. To others, such as the wizard who developed the *love* potion known as *Amortentia*, it is a physical draw, one which cannot be denied once consumed. Who can tell me why this potion is illicit?”

To Will’s complete lack of surprise, Bev’s hand shoots up immediately.

“Miss Katz.”

“The potion doesn’t create the feeling of *love*, ” Bev explains, “That would be impossible. Instead it instills an uncontrollable *obsession* within the one that consumes it directed at the one who has given it. The potion removes the free will and critical thought function of those under its influence, completely disabling inhibitions and allowing themselves to fall under the power of suggestion nearly as strong as the *Imperius* curse. More often than not, the obsession turns dangerous, with harm coming to any that attempts to insert themselves between the drinker and the intended lover, or any perceived threat there as.”

“A well thought out and *thorough* response, thank you, Miss Katz. Five points to Slytherin,” the professor graces Bev with a broad smile as Bev settles in her seat, smugly satisfied with herself.

“Well done,” a soft whisper sounds behind them, and Will twists his head to see Margot Verger leaning forward toward them slightly. He’d be surprised that the Ravenclaw would care to offer such a comment if he didn’t know Bev and Margot have been dancing around their little flirtatious attraction for *weeks* now.

He glances to his side, pleased to see Bev’s head dipped bashfully, a blush blooming along the swell of her cheeks, tinting her olive skin pink.

Professor Crawford continues her lesson, scrawling out the ingredients for the aforementioned potion as she speaks. “You may have noticed when you entered today that the room smells particularly *pleasant*. Perhaps of freshly baked sweets or fresh cut grass. This is because *Amortentia* expels the scent of that which attracts one most to all those near it.”

It’s Will’s turn to feel a flush heat his face, and he roughly elbows Bev back when his good friend nudges him playfully. A soft huff of laughter draws Will’s attention to the table to his left, where he sees Hannibal Lecter stiff in his seat and staring dutifully forward, though pink is slowly creeping into his cheeks as well. Beside him, Will’s fellow Slytherin Mason Verger is doing very little to quell his snicker.

“Something funny, Mister Verger?” The Potions professor halts in her monologue, turning a glance to the blond and quirked her brow in curiosity.

“Not at all,” Mason shakes his head, lips twitching into a frown as though he hasn’t the foggiest idea why the professor has suddenly singled him out. “I was just telling Hannibal here how *fascinating* I find that little tidbit. What was it you were saying earlier, Hannibal? Wasn’t there an overwhelming scent of some sort *distracting* you today?”

Snickers and hushed whispers break out across the classroom, and the blush tinting Hannibal's cheeks darkens. He keeps his gaze on the board at the front of the class, resolutely ignoring the sounds around him, though Will can see that his jaw is clenched just a bit tighter. Will himself would be having a field day with this moment, if he didn't know at least some of the amusement was at his own expense, having been just as carelessly overt in his own complaining.

Professor Crawford issues a soft but firm warning for the students to settle down and returns to the chalkboard. "It is opaque with an iridescent sheen when properly brewed. You will find at the head of the classroom four cauldrons containing properly brewed Amortentia. Please feel free to study these concoctions in color, scent and viscosity. It's up to you to take this recipe," Crawford taps against the blackboard behind her twice sharply, "and recreate a working draft. Vials should be stoppered and placed upon my desk by the end of the period. Any ingredients necessary can be found in the cabinets."

The stars are bright tonight; Hannibal can see them already through the high windows of the Astronomy Tower before he's even managed to reach the landing of the winding staircase. He comes up here when he needs time alone, when he needs time to *think*, away from the chaos of the Ravenclaw common room.

They'd lost to Slytherin earlier in the scrimmage, nothing really on the line for the Quidditch season other than a bruise to their pride. It had been close, Will only barely managing to win the match for his team when he caught the snitch since Ravenclaw had been dominating in points the entire game.

Margot had found him after, told him he was being stupid, was letting his feelings for Will cloud his judgement and distract him. Accused him of watching his rival Seeker more than where the quaffle was headed, despite the fact that he'd been responsible for the lion's share of Ravenclaw's points. When Hannibal realized he couldn't truthfully deny her words, he'd made his way out of the common room to think more clearly.

"What the hell are you doing here?" The growling words disrupt Hannibal's already jumbled thoughts, filtering in from the corner by one of the high-arched windows. He sees the broom propped in the corner before he sees the speaker, though he's well-aware as to whom the voice belongs.

"It's against the rules to take your broom into the building." It's the first and only thing he can think of when he sees Will tucked in the stone corner, his back against the wall and his legs tucked beneath him. He looks comfortable, relaxed in a way Hannibal rarely sees him. He looks *beautiful*, a traitorous voice in the back of Hannibal's mind surfaces, but he ignores it in favor of glowering at the other boy.

"Hm. What're you gonna do about it?" Will grumbles, standing fluidly and squaring his shoulders at Hannibal as though preparing for a fight.

"I could always report you. I'm sure detention and a few points from your precious house will remind you of the importance of rules."

“Uh-huh. And what about you? Astronomy tower is off limits to students outside of designated classroom hours, and it's a little *late* for patrols. What's your explanation for that? Maybe I'll report *you*. ”

Hannibal's eyes narrow further at the threat, though he can't argue with the logic. He knows he shouldn't be here, but even more than that, he wishes Will weren't here.

That isn't true. The voice in his head whispers again, and Hannibal huffs in frustration.

“It seems we are, as they say, at an impasse then. Perhaps we should just go our separate ways and back to our respective dormitories.” Even as he says it he knows it's a lie, knows it isn't what he wants. The love potion he'd brewed earlier that day had turned slate grey before ultimately settling into a soft, sea-glass bluish green. The same color as Will Graham's eyes. Eyes that are currently narrowed at Hannibal, appraising him as though he's a particularly puzzling question.

Hannibal hadn't seen Will's potion, but Margot told him Bev said it was the color of aged amber, swirling like fire-whiskey in a bottle. Hannibal wonders at the truth in that, what it would mean if it *were* true.

“I don't see why *we* should do anything. *I* was here first,” Will points out stubbornly. “What are you even doing here?”

“The same thing you are, I imagine. Seeking quiet. Peace.” He pins Will with a scrutinizing gaze, his lips twitching with the bare bones of amusement quite against his will. “Something I daresay I'm not likely to find around the likes of you.”

Will gives a huff and turns his fierce glare to the wall to his left, and under the absence of his own gaze Hannibal is free to observe the soft and hard lines of the boy's face, both delicate and sturdy. The cut of his jaw is sharp, locked tight in his ire, though the messy curls that spill across his face and down his neck soften his sharpest edges. Beg to be touched.

He's so absorbed in studying the Slytherin freely that he nearly misses the next words that tumble from the boy's mouth, grit out like a rebuke but wholly unexpected.

“*I* can sit down and shut up if *you* can.”

Heavy silence follows the statement, and it's not until Will's eyes drift back to Hannibal that he manages to nod his agreement. Will nods as well, some of the defensive stiffness melting from his frame, and he lingers only a moment longer before turning away from Hannibal and settling into his preferred spot. Hannibal, however, stands glued to his own, his eyes trained upon the Slytherin as he closes his eyes, tilts his head back against the wall behind him, and the rest of the tension drops from him completely.

Hannibal stares at him, an odd sensation thick in his throat, and he can't help but think that *now* Will looks beautiful, not only because he's relaxed, his hostility disarmed and his vulnerability as close to the surface as Hannibal's ever seen it, but because he's allowed himself to be so *knowing* that Hannibal is near. He has every reason to be prickly, suspicious,

but he seems to have drifted into his own world, completely blocking out the fact that his apparent nemesis is even near.

Or so he thinks, until the boy's brows furrow slightly, his lips ticking down, and he speaks, "You've got the shut up part down, at least. Are you going to *sit*, or stand there and stare at me all night?"

Hannibal is surprised and unnerved to find an unfamiliar and wholly unwanted heat blooming in his cheeks as he's called out, and though he bites back the snide retort that longs to slip from his lips, he *does* exert his defiance in action, walking over to the wall that Will has claimed as his own and smoothly sinking down to sit beside him.

Will briefly cracks an eye open at the disruption and gives a huff, twitching his head in a way that suggests he's not at all surprised by Hannibal's passive-aggressive response.

"I'd have thought you'd be celebrating with your teammates," Hannibal points out, and Will expels a rush of air in something akin to a laugh.

"Now he sits and can't shut up. Are you *incapable* of performing two actions simultaneously, or are you simply attempting to annoy me?" Will questions with another irritated huff. "I mean you *must* be able to do two things at once, as I'm *fairly* certain I've seen you walk and breathe at the same time -"

He is, perhaps, a bit brash in his response. In truth, Hannibal doesn't even consider the ramifications of his actions, doesn't even recognize the movements his body is spurred into until Will's sentence dies abruptly as their lips are pressed together. Will stiffens - Hannibal does as well, when he realizes what he's just done; but then the both of them seem to fall into sync a breath later. And lips part, and tongues seek; bodies twist and hands reach out.

Will slides into his lap, at some point, warm and heavy, and Hannibal can't keep his hands from roaming him. From tangled curls to broad shoulders, down to his slim waist and around to the delicate dip of his low back, all the while tasting *Will*, drinking down his gasps and pants, making him *tremble*.

"This what you've been after, Lecter?" Will asks, voice cheeky even in its breathlessness.

"I couldn't have known, an hour ago," he admits, his own voice strained and shaky.

"And now?"

Hannibal draws his hands back up the boy atop him, twisting into curls growing damp with sweat. "Now I want to hear you say my name," Hannibal growls, dragging Will's mouth down to his own.

His honesty is rewarded with another breathy gasp and then the sweetest sound. "*Hannibal*."

Hannibal's fingers turn harsh where his hands settle on Will's biceps, pushing him away enough to give them some distance, some space for Hannibal to try and clear his head. He hadn't expected to feel so *violently possessive* of Will after simply hearing his name fall from

his lips, but the lazy rasp of his voice, the way his tongue wraps long and thick around the vowels, sends Hannibal into a daze.

Will's eyes flash dangerously, and Hannibal can scent the subtle beginnings of distress on him as he settles more heavily in Hannibal's lap. "Who're you going to the Yule Ball with?" The words slur out of Will so quickly that Hannibal nearly misses them. When he manages to discern what's been said it only leaves him more confused; the Yule Ball is still months away, and no one has even asked him yet.

He wonders if someone has already asked Will, and a low growl manages to work its way free from his throat, jealousy filling his thoughts and making him slow to react. Will asked him a question after all.

"No one. The year has only just started, I've not thought to ask anyone yet."

"You're going with me." It's a statement, not a question, and something hot and wild clenches in Hannibal's stomach and his grip grows even tighter on Will's arms before he's pulling him back to his mouth and crushing them together again, licking behind Will's teeth and moving one hand to cup the back of his neck and keep him held close.

He feels both soothed and incensed, a whiplash of emotion coursing through him with the solid weight of his enemy and newfound lover on his lap and their lips pressed so tightly together that their tastes blur into something new and exciting. He *likes* the possessive, nearly feral creature he seems to have drawn out of Will Graham, and enjoys his own echoing beast in kind.

Eventually, the blazing, desperate *need* of their kisses evens out into a low rolling simmer, fierce claiming with tongue and teeth giving way to softer, sweeter kisses, the occasional nuzzle of cheek and jaw. Will shifts in his lap at some point, and the both of them grow painfully aware of how affected they've been by this encounter, though neither of them moves to take things further than the lazy kisses and shy smiles they've devolved to.

"We should be getting back to the dormitories," Hannibal murmurs after finally summoning the desire to put their safety over his selfish desire of holding Will in his arms for the remainder of the night. "Sutcliffe will have our hides if he catches us out this late."

Will's kiss-swollen lips twist into a smirk, his eyes flashing mischievously. "Surely getting caught out with the Head Boy will earn me *some* leniency. You strut about as though you have Hogwarts falling at your command, you telling me that's just for show?"

Hannibal tightens the hand that has been twisting soothingly through Will's curls, pulling the insolent boy's mouth to his own once more. "You are a tiresome thing, aren't you?" He murmurs between kisses, his own lips mirroring the smile Will presses against him.

"Gotta keep you on your toes," Will replies cheekily. He sighs at length, finally moving to disentangle himself from Hannibal's grasp, taking a moment to brush out his robes before offering a hand down to help Hannibal up as well. He doesn't release him once Hannibal is on his feet, but tugs him closer, pressing one more kiss to his lips. "Meet me in the Prefect's bathroom tomorrow night. Ten o'clock."

Hannibal pulls back, leveling him with a stern gaze laced with amusement. “You’re not a Prefect, you don’t have access to the baths.”

Will’s lips quirk up into that playful smirk once more; a sight Hannibal had once before convinced himself was obnoxious, though now must admit he finds slightly endearing. Will slips from his grasp, sauntering backwards towards his broom propped in the corner, offering only an amused, “*Don’t I?*” before flashing him a wink, mounting his broom and disappearing into the star-littered night sky.

Hannibal returns to the Ravenclaw dormitories without trouble, though the same can’t be said for how long he chases after sleep, elusive as a golden snitch. It’s unlike him to be unable to quell the roaring thoughts in his mind, usually so adept at compartmentalizing and suppressing distractions. But each time he shifts he catches a whiff of *Will*, so familiar to him now in a wholly more intimate way, and his mind begins to race once more.

Even when he *does* manage to find sleep, he achieves no rest, his dreams plagued with sea glass eyes and kissable lips twisted into playful smiles.

His thoughts are plagued with the Slytherin from the moment he awakes, to Hannibal’s complete lack of surprise, and he’s pleased to find that fate has twisted in such a way that the both of them arrive at the Great Hall for breakfast at the same time.

“Looking a little ragged there, Lecter. You sleep okay?” Will’s barb is accompanied by glinting eyes, and holds almost no sharpness. Beside him, Bev shoots her friend an amused look and then slips away to the entrance, where Margot Verger lingers.

It takes all of Hannibal’s self-control to stop himself from pressing the imp against the wall and claiming his smirking lips. He shifts a bit closer, dipping his head and lowering his voice. “You still smell like the pitch, Graham. Perhaps a bath is in order?”

He pulls back and offers the boy a private smile, delighted when Will’s eyes darken at that. “Know a good spot?” Will murmurs as he brushes past to collect Katz from her own flirtatious interaction.

Hannibal allows him to go, though he aches to pull him near. He’ll play Will’s game for now, meet the Slytherin for secret trysts and stolen moments until he’s ready for the rest of Hogwarts to know about them. After all, Will himself has set an ultimate deadline; they two of them can hardly attend the Yule Ball together without announcing to everyone that they’re involved.

So Hannibal watches Will Graham saunter away, already forming a plan of attack for the moment he has him alone once more. Tonight, and every night stretching ahead of them, when Will’s sparkling eyes and the curve of his plush lips will be only for him.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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